Here's the path our feet shall press Here's the nath our feet shall press. To the land of happiness;
There are gulde-posts by the way. That we may not go astray;
Spots there are where we may rest,
Of King Happiness the guest,
Basking in the sunshine's glow,
While the loyous pilgrims go.
Ever on toward the gates.
Where the Queen of Joy awaits.
Those re-ruits her king shall gain.
On the way to his domain. On the way to his domain

Such a joyous army this! Ranners looping for a kiss From the winds that sweep along. Bearing songs that well belong To a road whose glory les Always under the smiting skies.

Hy this road no toll gate stands. With its ever-barring hands, Yet of every passing soul There is asked a certain tell. There is asked a certain toil.
It is this—that we shall share,
As we tread the thoroughfare,
All we have with these who loss
What they gain, or who refuse
To accept what is bestowed By the master of the road.

What a simple engineer Marked this path! it is so clear, That to miss it is to turn And its cooling shadows spurn.

Any road our feet must press Any road our feet must press
Is a road to happiness,
And that land is anywhere
That we turn away feem care
To the army of a Ring
Who is ever journeying
To the city by whose gates.
His fair Queen of Joy avaits.
deredith Nicholson, Boston Transcript.

## Bread Upon the Waters.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

It was midnight, and the household of George Grey, a wealthy merchant doing business in Boston, but resident some miles distant, was hushed in repose. There seemed to be nothing stirring in or about the house, yet intruders had entered the grounds.

These intruders were three in number-two men and a boy.

They carried a dark lantern, and, from their evident fear of discovery, were upon some business which would not bear scrutiny. In a word, they were burglars, and their present object was to rob the house of such articles of value-particularly plate-as might most readily be converted into cash.

The two men were dark-complexfoned, and with a reckless expression, which bespeke no compunctious visitings. The boy was, perhaps, thirteen years of age. Of his appearance we

shall speak, shortly. "Hob," said one of the men, addressing the boy, "you are lighter than either of us, and won't make so much noise. You must get in through that window after we have lifted it, and huntaround for the plate. I have infor-

mation that it is kept in a closet leading out of the dining room. I expect, from appearances, this is the room, and that must be the closet. The boy drew back reluctantly, and said: "Why do you make me go? You know I don't wish to be a thief."

"You can't help yourself," said the man, exultingly.

"Why do you have such a spite against me?" Because you are continually preaching to us about our improper conduct.

We'll make you as bad as we are ourselves." "I won't go." "You won't!" retorted the other, with

an oath. "You won't, you raseal, and we losing time here when we ought to be doing something! Say that again,

Instead of finishing the sentence in words, he presented a pistol at the boy's head. ob was frightened (what boy we not be?) at the menace implied.

"I will go," said he. "I thought I should bring you to your

senses," said the other.

This conversation was, of course, carried on in a low tone, and the preparations for entrance were made in as much silence as possible.

Nevertheless, there were two circumstances which were likely to interfere with the designs of the burglars. In the first place, Mr. Grey's sleeping room was directly over the apartment which they were about to invade. Furthermore, he had been kept awake that evening by a severe toothache, which would not permit him to rest. His wife, who was seeking, by various remedies, to relieve her hus-

band's pain, was likewise awake, "I thought I heard a noise down stairs," said Mrs. Grey, who had detected the noise made in raising the window.

Mr. Grey listened attentively. He, too, fancied that he could hear a noise, and rising, slipped on his pantaloons. Hastily snatching a pistol, which he always kept loaded, in case of emergencies, he descended, with cautious stens, to the dining room It did not take long to satisfy Mr.

Grey what was going on. Bob was at that moment carrying a piece of plate to the window, to his

"Drop that," he exclaimed, in an au

thorative voice. At the sound, the two men made off, precipitately, and Bob would, no doubt, have followed their example, but that in his haste he stumbled over an ottoman, and fell headlong on the carpet. In falling, his head struck against the corner of a chair, inflicting so vio-

lent a blow that he became senseless. Mr. Grey hastily lighted the gas. By this time, his wife, who had become alarmed at her husband's long absence, descended, and inquired, anxiously: "What is the matter?" "Our house has been assailed by

burglars; but, fortunately, they took fright at my entrance, and have all made off except this boy."

"Surely, you have not shot him!" ex-claimed Mrs. Grey, seeing him pros-

"No; he fell over something and struck his head violently."
"And is souscless! We must take means to recover him."

So saying, she snatched a pitcher of water from the sideboard, and sprinkled the face of the boy. He sighed, and opened his eyes.

We have not yet described him, and will do so now: His hair was of a rich dark chostne."

a fair complexion, with red theeks and

well-shaped features.
"What a handsome boy!" said Mrs. Grey. "Surely, he cannot be wicked at heart!"

A look of alarm quickly overspread the boy's fentures as he encountered the gaze of Mr. Grey, who still held the pistol in his hand: but as soon as he cought the gentle and pitying grance of Mrs. Grey, he felt somewhat reassured. "You-will-not have me arrested," he said, with a gesture of entreaty.

"No, my poor boy," said Mrs. Grey. "At least, not at present," said her husband, more cautiously. "You have hurt yourself by your fall, and will need some care.

Bob tried to rise, but he was still weak, and was obliged to desist.

"Do not try to rise," said Mrs. Grey. "Husband, can't you lift him up and lay him on the lounge?—or stay, I will get a blanket." "It will be better for me to carry him

up stairs and lay him on a bed.' This was, accordingly done. "I did not wish to rob your house,"

said Bob, faintly.
"Say nothing about it now. must attend to your hurt."

The wound was washed, and bound up in such a manner as the judgment of Mrs. Grey dictated.

The physician, who was summoned

the next morning, reported that a few days' rost and quiet would be sufficient to bring the patient around.

He looked a little curious to learn who the patient was, or what connection he had with the Grey family.

"Any relation?" he asked. To this Mrs. Grey replied in the negative, and he rightly judged, from her manner, that she did not choose to say anything more.

A week passed, during which the kindest care was taken of our youthful burglar. Several times during this period Bob commenced speaking of the night of the robberg, but he had been told to defer speaking until he was better able to do so. At length, his convalescence was so far advanced that he was permitted to speak.

"I am very much afraid," said he, "that you think I have been accustomed to-to what I was detected in the other night.'

"I could not believe it," said Mrs. Grey, warmly.

Mr. Grey said nothing. He had seen more of the world than his wife, and, though he felt unwilling to believe that one with such a frank, handsome face could be guilty of duplicity, he had learned not to trust implicitly to appearances. Thank you said Bob, gratefully, in

reply to Mrs. Grey. How, then, were you brought into such a situation?" asked Mr. Grey-

"unless by your own consent?" 'I will tell you, sir, concealing noth-

Perhaps it would be as well to tell Bob's story in our own words.

Bob's real name was Robert Lee.

His father had been a mechanic, in the receipt of a good income, which en-abled him to keep his son, who was a bright boy, at school. Mr. Lee, however, lived in the present, with little thought of the future. Having always enjoyed good health, he judged that he should for many years to come, and only laughed at his wife when she saggested that he should either endeavor to save something from his income, or

else obtain an insurance on his life.
"Don't be alarmed, wife," he was accustomed to say: "I shall live for thirty years yet. Don't think you are going to get rid of me so soon,"

Being answered in this way, Mrs.

Lee desisted from her entreaties, although she well knew that she would be left destitute in case anything should happen her husband.

stricken down by a fever, which, in an incredibly short time, sapped the foun-tain of life, and left Mrs. Lee a widow, and Robert fatherless.

Of course, Robert was taken from school, and contributed as far as he could, by the proceeds of the few odd jobs he could obtain, to his mother's maintenance.

Thus matters stood for a year, when his mother, too, died, and he was left alone in the world. A month after his mother's death, as he was in search of something to do, he was accosted by a rough-looking man, who asked him if he would like a job. Of course, he an-swered in the affirmative.

"Then," said the latter, "meet me at ten o'clock this evening at ---." Here he named a certain house. "Is the business to be done at

night?" inquired Bob, with surprise. "Yes." said the latter. Not suspecting the nature of it, our

young hero kept his appointment, and met the man. They were joined, be-fore setting out, by another, and then started for the house of Mr. Grey. Still, Bob did not suspect the object

of the expedition, having been put off with some plausible excuse. The rest of the story the reader is already acquainted with.

Mr. Grey, as well as his wife, was disposed to believe the account of Robert Lee, and both began to feel a friendly interest in our hero, which soon ripened into a warm attachment.

"Can't you do something for him?" asked Mrs. Grey of her husband.
That is what I have been thinking of," was the reply. "I should take him into my own counting room if there were a vacancy; but should be obliged to create a place for him. However. I am inclined to think I can get him in with Hathaway & Co.

"That would be an excellent place for him." "None better."

It may be said that Mr. Grey was successful in his efforts, and Robert Lee was, on his recommendation, received into the counting house of the wealthy merchant referred to.

Robert was deeply grateful, and ex-pressed his gratitude with all the earnstness dictated by a warm heart.

We are compelled to be brief, and pass over several years in a summary manner, saying only that, when Robert was seventeen, he went out to Shanghai to serve as clerk in a branch warehouse, and that eight years afterward he rose to junior partner.

of 1857. Dismay was painted upon ev- era' Gazette

every face. No one knew how long he himself should be sble to weather the storm, and felt less impelled to assist his stuggling neighbor. Failure after struck terror to the hearts of those who yet stood, but felt the firmness of their position less and less

strong with each new disaster.
At length, Mr. Grey, too, was forced to succumb. He had made valuant efforts to breast the storm, but was unable to ride it out.

On the day that decided his fate, he rode slovly from the city to his house. which had become endeared to him as a home.

His wife read the tidings in his face. "Never mind," said she, with an effort to calm his sorrow; "we are left to each other.

"But this house-how will you bear to go from beneath the roof which has

sheltered us so long?"
"It will be hard," said his wife, turn ing pale, "but God will strengthen us."
Mr. Grey surrendered all to his creditors. His stern integrity would be satisfled with nothing less.

It was a bleak day in January that the house, so long endeared to them, was offered for sale.

There were not many present, but among them was a young man, with a handsome face, although somewhat

bronzed by exposure. To him, the house was knocked down for eight thousand dollars. Mr. Grey did not hear his name; but on learning the result of the auction, introduced himself to him, and requested permission to occupy the house until

the next day, when he would endeavor to find lady agas for his family. "Mr. Gray," said the young man, re-garding him with an earnest glance, "can you tell me what day of the month it is?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Grey, some what surprised at this question. "It is the tenth of January." "Do you remember any particular event which occurred twelve years ago

to-day? "Yes," said Mr. Grey after a moment's reflection. There was an attempt at burglary made on this house.

glars? "How do you know?" asked Mr. Grey. astonished. incident." "I never mentioned the

"And you caught one of the bur-

"Because I am the boy who was so deeply indebted to your generous for-bearance and after assistance. I am Robert Lee. Permit the man to discharge the debt of the boy, in presenting to you this house, upon which his first and only attempt at burgiary was

Mr. Grey would have declined, but Robert would not permit it, conviacing him that his means were ample. fore many months, Robert entered into partnership with Mr. Grey.

The "broad cast upon the waters"

had returned "after many days."-Yankee Blade.

Origin of the Shot-Tower. There was a mechanic in Bristol, England, whose name was Watts, by trade a shot-maker. Watts had to take great bars of lead and pound them out into sheets of thickness about equal to the diameter of the shot he desired to make. Then he got the shoots into little cubes, which he rolled in a revolving barrel until the corners were worn off from the constant friction. Watts, after an evening spent with some jolly companions at the ale house, went home and turned into bed. He dreamed that he was out again with the "boys." They were all trying to find their way borne when it began to rain shot. Beautiful globules of lead, poisppen her husband.

The contingency which she so much cared at length arrived. Mr. Lee was membered his dream, and wondered what shape molten lead would take in falling a distance through the air. At last he carried a ladleful of the hot metal up into the steeple of the church of St. Mary of Redeliff and dropped it far superior to any he had ever seen Watts' fortune was made. He had conceived the idea of the shot-tower .-New York Graphic.

Training a Bull-Dog.

A hard-looking citizen, with a ferocious white bull-dog attached to a chain, attracted a good deal of attention on the front end of a Fort-street car yesterday afternoon. The dog's legs and body were covered with an inch of mud, and as he trotted alongside the moving car, tugging at his chain, it took all the owner's strength to hold him.

"Where are you going with that dog?" was asked. "Nowhere?" replied the man; "only working him."

"Got a match for bim?" "Yes; come off next Caturday night in Delray. He's in pretty good shape, and I guess he's a winner. A streetcar is the best place in the world to work a dog on. If you run him under a buggy his throat gots full of mud from the horse's feet. A tread-mill is no use, because it worries the heat out of him. But a street-car takes the cake, and especially this line, because you can ride twelve miles for a nickel. A man can reduce a dog at the rate of three pounds a day by running him along-side a street-car."—Detroit Free

Where They Burn Water.

This burning of water is a curious thing. When I went to England, many years ago, a perfect novice in matters relating to combustion of fuel, and saw the firemen and engineers pourlog bucketfuls of water on their coal heapjust before shoveling the coal on to their fires! I at once told them that they were doing a very foolish thing, for it took a lot of heat to drive off the water before the coal would burn. But when they told me that it was a matter that did not admit of an argument, as they had proved that they had got much hotter fires when they wet their coal than when they put it on dry, I was completely nonplussed, and with my "stoker" I fed the furnaces Eight years have passed away; to the commercial world it brought the panie of 1857. Dismay was printed with the panie the firemen were right.—Manufactur-

In Fights a compart is being formed for he distribution of electricity in storage

suffered for two weeks with neuralgia

by using Salvation Oll.

Mrs. WM. C. Bald,

33 N. Carey St., Bait., Md.

A Chicago lover bet his girl that he could tell what she was thinking of He thought she was thinking of him, but she wasn't; it was about D: Bull's Cough Syrup, which had just cur i her of a dreadful cough.

Miss Alice Hogaboom of a Boston museum, weighing a 0 pounds, was recently married to Alfred Thompson, who weighs

For Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of Brown a Bronchial Troches." Price 25 cts. Sold only in boxes.

The republic of Chiti has contracted for

10,000,600 ties and a large amount of other timber to be taken from the region of Puget The State of Texas on coming into the Union reserved to itself its public lands, and .fterward devoted the alternating sections to promote schools and aid railroads. The Hous on and Texas R. R. Co. was the first to build and select from the then public domain. For some years it has been at the morey of its creditors, but has recently been reorganized and is now ready to part with its landed estate and make true there-to. By an amouncement, to be found eise-where, it will be seen that settlers can have

The bank of England in London covers eight acres of ground, and employs 1,000 persons.

time in which to complete purchases

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Censumption. By its timely use thousands of hopciess cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 171 Pearl St., N. Y.

The international cable company is soon to lay a cable from Halifax to Bermuda, provided the English government will grant a subsidy.

A Few Pointers. The recent statistics of the number of deaths show that the large majority die with consumption. The disease may commence with an apparently harmless cough which can be cured instantly by Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Price 50c and \$1.00. For sale by all drug-

Said that, if it were possible for him to do so, Jay Gould would completely sever his connection with all corporations in which he is now interested.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isase Tagmpson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 250

A Tremendous Sensation

would have been created one hundred years ago by the sight of one of our modern express trains whizing along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Just think how our grandfathers would have stared at such a spectnole! It takes a great deal to astonish people now a days, but some of the marvelous cures of cons. mption, wrought by Dr. Pierce's Golden Med'cal Discovery, have created while spread amazoment. Con-

rece's Golden Medical Discovery, nave crea'ed while spread amazement. Consumption is at last acknowledged curable. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only known remedy for it. If taken at the right time—which, bear in mind, is not when the lungs are nearly gone—it will go right to the sent of the discusse and accomplish its work as nothing clase in the world. plish its work as nothing else in the world

Mme. P. tti has had made for her several new dresses, the most expensive of which coat her \$2,500.

"Had Bren Worried Eighteen Years."

"Had Been Worrted Eighteen Years."
It should have read "married," but the proof-reader observed that it amounted to about the same thing, and so did not draw his blue pencil through the error. Unfortunately there was considerable truth in his observation. Thousands of husbands are constantly worried almost to despair by the fill health that afficts their wives, and often robs life of comfort and happiness. There is but one safe and sure way to change all this for the better. The ladies should use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The emperor of Germany is to become an oarsman, and has had a beat built for him at Richmond.

"Give Him \$2, and Let Him Guess."

We once heard a man complain of feeling baily, and wondered what alled him. A numerous friend said, "Give a doctor \$2, and let him guess." It was a cutting satire on some doctors, who don't always guess right. You need not guess what alls you when your food don't digest, when your lovely and when your food don't digest, when your lovely and when your food don't digest, when your bowels and stomach are inactive, and when your head aches every day, and you are languid and easily fatigued. You are bil-ious, and Dr. Pierce's Plessant Purgative Pellets will bring you out all right. Small sugar-coat d, easy to take. Of druggists

The only colored man in the next national house of representatives will be H. H. Cheatham of North Carolina.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castorie, When she became Miss, she clung to Castor'a, When she had Children, she gave them Casterta,

SINGERS find Piso's Cure for Concursation. THE BEST remedy for honereness and to clear the throat.

FISH BRAND SLCKE RWaterproof Coat





## A DELIGHTED YOUNG WOMAN.

Look at my face and my hands-not a plm-

my fresh cheeks, and I'm getting a d'n-

you may there some time

I don't look at all like I used to, I

My face was all blotches-complexion lik tallow; No wonder they thought me and called m

No one need have pimples and skin gray and If she'll take what I took, ev'ry morn noon, and night.

I asked the delighted young woman what she referred to, and she answered, Dr. Pierce's Golden Me lical Discovery. It is the best beautifier in the world, because it purifies and enriches the blood, and pure rich blood gives good health,

and good health-beauty. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is guaranteed to cure all Blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, as Blotches, Eruptions, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Eryspelas, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, or Loney paid for it will be promptly refunded.

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For Sprains, Bruises, Backache,
Paie in the Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, or any other External Pain, a few applications rubbed on by the hand act like magic, causing the pain

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Chest, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pains in the Small of the Back, etc., more extended, longer continued and repeated applications are necessary to effect a cure.

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iting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhosa, Colic, Flatulency, Fainting, Spells, Sold By Druggists. 50 Cents a Bottle.



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W. N. U., D.-VII-10.

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